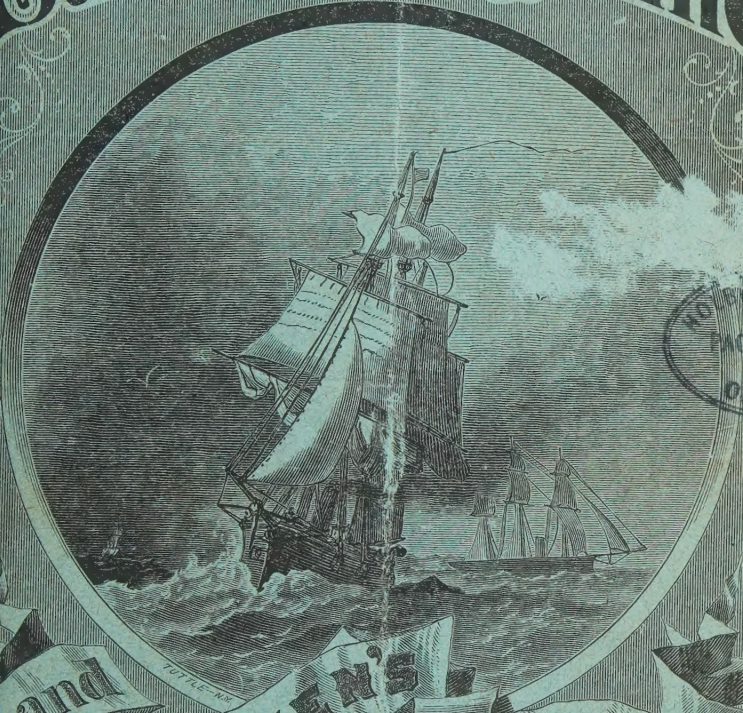


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1823 The 1900
Sailors' Magazine



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OF SEAFARING

and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

76 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

**VOL. LXXII.
No. 1.**

JANUARY, 1900.

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, besides articles on the sea, ships and seamen, represents the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and more briefly of kindred societies.

The Magazine is sent to single subscribers for One Dollar a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the Magazine should always give both the old and new address, in full.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page monthly paper, represents in Sunday Schools the Loan Library work of the Society. Sunday Schools contributing \$20 for a loan library receive fifty copies monthly for one year, postage prepaid.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND, containing matter suitable for seamen, is issued quarterly and distributed gratuitously among them. It is supplied to similar societies at the rate of one dollar a hundred.

Provided a request is sent annually for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Two Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the Magazine, gratuitously, should give annual notice of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGEON, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars one time a Life Member. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$——, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is desired to correct the mail-list of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

LIFE DIRECTORS and LIFE MEMBERS are entitled to a free copy as long as they live.

Will some one of their surviving kinsmen at once notify this office if the Magazine continues to be sent to the names of deceased Life Directors and Life Members?

PASTORS of churches which take an annual collection for this Society are entitled to a free copy as long as the collection continues.

Will pastors whose churches have ceased to take such a collection notify this office of the fact; or, better still, renew the collection and retain the free copy of the Magazine?

Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches, receiving a free copy of the Magazine, are reminded that a free copy is sent only to those who send an annual request for it.

Will they kindly notify this office at once, if they wish it continued for the coming year?

Donors of \$20 for loan libraries or of \$20 for the general work of the Society are also reminded that they are entitled to the Magazine for one year only, provided an application is sent for it.

In view of changes of residence, the decease of subscribers, &c., will the receiver of this Magazine kindly mail a postal card at once to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, 76 Wall Street, New York, giving the full name and address of the sender, indicating that the Magazine is desired and received.

To subscribers the Magazine is mailed prepaid for one dollar per annum, payable in advance.

SAILORS' ^{THE} MAGAZINE



AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 72,

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE VOYAGERS OF YORE.

Cast off the hawser!
Let the good ship go!
The flag of glory flapping
In the wind to and fro:
Sung the sailor's chorus,
Hoy! yho! heave ho!

Or will she, with crash like thunder,
Rive on hidden rocks asunder,—
Ship and crew go down together
In the battle with the weather?

* * *

As she glideth down the river
Hearts of gentle women quiver
With a yearning, fond emotion
Deep as love's unfathom'd ocean;
Yet beyond a looming sorrow
Hope foresees a shining morrow.

* * *

Where-away? What lies before her?
Will the skies be cloudless o'er her?
Or will murky fogs benight her,
Or the lightning-arrow smite her?
Will a cyclone hurl her, drifting
O'er the wayward waters, shifting
Hither, thither,
Every-whither,
As the blast may haply sweep her?
Will her helm from stranding keep her,

Where away? The point magnetic,
With the needle sympathetic,
Shows the lighthouse of creation—
Faithful Pole-Star!—on its station,
Beacon to the navigator
While he steers for the equator.
Down the South Atlantic hasting,
Not an inch of canvas wasting,
Till the Cape the vessel reaches
Where the windy tempest screeches:
Spite of beetling waves terrific,
Proudly entering the Pacific.
Like a swan the vessel's motion
O'er the earth's sublimest ocean:
Touching at enchanted islands,
Verdant lowlands, rocky highlands—
Trafficking with nations olden,
Peoples raven-hair'd or golden—
Striking many a fair-hand bargain

With the tribes of tangled jargon,
 Gathering bijoux oriental,
 Curious, rare, or ornamental,
 O'er which cultured vision lingers,
 Deftly wrought by cunning fingers—
 Carpetings of weird devices,
 Silks and shawls, and odorous spices—
 Wares of use and freaks of fancy
 Rivalling tales of necromancy.
 Rarer cargo never floated
 Save the one in Scripture noted,
 When the Ark, a special wonder,
 Rode o'er hill-tops buried under.

Up with the anchor!
 Turn about the prow:
 To the freeman's country
 Point her sturdy bow;
 All is taut above her,
 All is snug below:
 With Providence her keeper
 Let the good ship go!

* * *

Where-away? Is patience dying?
 Why is time so slowly flying?
 Irksome is the silent waiting:
 Oh how fast is hope abating!

Germantown, Pa.

Pining 'neath a needless burden
 'Stead of seeking heavenly guerdon,
 Oft a heart the worst is fearing
 Near the morning-hour of cheering.
 Lo! the Moses in the rushes!
 Ere her fears the mother hushes,
 He who floated on the water
 Is the ward of Pharaoh's daughter!

Hark! beyond a jutting islet
 Signal guns forewarn a pilot.
 'Tis the ship! All staunch and glorious
 Over storms and calms victorious,
 Up she cometh, treasure-laden
 For the mother, wife, and maiden!
 Chief of all, the boon she bringeth
 Is the joyful heart, that singeth
 Praises to the Lord and Master
 Who hath warded off disaster.

* * *

We see not the Hand that holds us,
 Nor how Providence enfolds us:
 Man nor vessel ever faileth
 That by heavenly guidance saileth:
 Seamen with the storm may wrestle,
 Prayers of faith insure the vessel.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

WHAT IS A LOAN LIBRARY?

Into a neat case, 13 x 26 inches, are put about forty-three well selected volumes books of biography, of travel and adventure, of popular science, of history, of story, of religion. Into each library goes a Bible, an atlas, a dictionary, several books in German, Danish, Swedish, and some other language.

GROWTH OF THE LOAN LIBRARY WORK.

As a systematic work it began in 1858-9. Up to December 1, 1899, this Society has sent out 10,674 new libraries, containing 573,573 volumes. As many libraries go out three times or more, there have been 12,612 reshipments. By first shipment and reshipment these books have been accessible to 410,710 seamen.

One thousand and sixty-seven libraries, with 38,862 volumes, have been put on United States Naval vessels and in Naval Hospitals, accessible to 124,785 men.

One hundred and fifty-eight libraries have been put in as many Life-Saving Stations, containing 6,161 volumes, accessible to 1,292 keepers and surfmen.

WHO GIVE LOAN LIBRARIES?

Churches, Sunday Schools, Societies of Christian Endeavor, the Shut-in Society, and similar organizations; also individuals, in their own names, in the names of others, often in memory of deceased kindred and friends.

Special bequests are made in wills for loan library work.

HOW LONG IS A LIBRARY AT SEA ?

Before its first return, about a year and a half; sometimes four, five, six years; and in many instances much longer. Vessels often go from port to port, changing crews at each port, so that the same library may be read by several crews before it is returned. Every volume is kept in service somewhere, until worn out or lost.

HOW DO WE HEAR FROM THEM ?

Into each library-case is put a printed form with questions to be answered in writing. Difficult as it is to get these forms filled and returned, enough letters are written by captains, mates, and seamen to assure donors of the usefulness of their gifts. The information received is sent to donors and is published in brief in the LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, of which fifty copies monthly are sent free for one year to Sunday Schools contributing a library. A statement of new libraries secured is mailed quarterly to each donor of a library within the quarter. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (at one dollar per annum) publishes every month extracts from letters of seamen who have read the books.

WHAT DO LOAN LIBRARIES ACCOMPLISH ?

They relieve the tedium of sea-life; improve the ship's discipline; promote the observance of the Sabbath; foster a taste for good reading; build up the moral life and advance the cause of temperance. The religious books quicken the spiritual life of Christian seamen, and are made the means of bringing men to Christ in all parts of the world, reaching them when they are most open to serious impressions. They are often accompanied by the earnest prayers of the donors.

HOW TO SEND A LIBRARY.

Inclose Twenty Dollars in check or P. O. Money Order, to the order of the Treasurer of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, P. O. Box 604, 76 Wall Street, New York City, giving the name and post-office address of the contributor. Then the number of the library will be registered and assigned to the donor, who will be notified of the vessel on which it is placed, its destination, the name of the captain, and the number of the crew.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (monthly) is sent free, post-paid for one year, *when requested*, to donors of at least \$20 to the general objects of the Society, or to donors of \$20 for a Loan Library.

 EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

ON November 29 the trustees of this Society elected the Rev. CHARLES A. STODDARD, D.D., LL.D., president, in place of Mr. JAMES W. ELWELL, deceased. Dr. STODDARD was elected a trustee on December 30, 1890, and vice-president on May 11, 1896, and has served on the Chaplaincy Committee. He is well known as the Editor of the New York *Observer*, the writer in it of a weekly letter signed "Augustus," and as the author of several books of travel. He brings to his new office solid business qualifications, ripe experience and a strong conviction of the value of this Society's work. May his life and health be spared for a long and notable service in behalf of the men of the sea.

READ the tuneful strain from Mr. MACKELLAR's lyre on the first page of this Magazine. In many respects THOMAS MACKELLAR, Philadelphia's "grand old man." That he should be able to write such poetry in his eighty-eighth year is a fact sure to interest its readers. It is hardly less interesting to know that most of his poetry (the fourth or fifth volume is now in the press) has been written amid the cares and burdens of a large business. His old age is crowned with blessings and many are proud to call themselves his friends.

MANY will read Mr. BULLEN's narrative of his conversion in this Magazine because he is now the popular author. Some will read for a deeper reason. They will see how bad a crew can be, and how the godlessness of its worst members can make a ship a floating hell. They will note the change made by a godly sailor and how happy a voyage can be when Christ is in the vessel. It would be strange if they did not take a deeper interest than ever in seamen's missions, giving more money and more prayer. This Magazine believes in a measure of entertainment and recreation in Sailors' Homes and Rest and Missions, kept within proper bounds, but such stories as BULLEN's—and many of them appear in these pages—ought to teach missionaries and chaplains what is their first duty and privilege, and how far-reaching is the conversion of sailors, especially as so many of them grow into useful evangelists. It is a comfort to remember the brightening of sailors' lives by evenings of song and occasional feasts, but far better than "serving tables" is preaching the gospel, which contains the potency as well as the promise of the life that now is as well as of the life that is to come. Although this Society is not connected with the work in Dunedin, its Magazine has often referred to it, because it aims first to convert the men of the sea. We send greetings of Christian love to Mr. A. R. FALCONER, and commend his work to our readers in New Zealand.

SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

Any one may conduct a Sailor Boarding House if the proper license be secured and the law obeyed. Among those who in New York are trying to exercise the right to board seamen are the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the P. E. Missionary Society for Seamen. There is in this city a Sailors' Boarding House Association which is illegally trying to destroy their business. Its "runners" by force of words and threats of violence put their agents in bodily fear, and hold in terror many seamen who would like to use their own judgment in choosing a boarding house. The law provides that any sailor may ship

through the Shipping Commissioner, and the present Commissioner, JOHN M. DICKIE, is ready to protect every sailor by shipping him according to law, but the Association plots to hinder any sailor who boards in these Homes from obtaining a ship at all. That is to say, unless sailors continue to pay blood-money to be divided between boarding masters and shipping masters (and perhaps others) for the mere chance to ship, the Association says they shall be driven out of business. Here is a trade tyranny that caps the climax. It outrages human rights, it defies law, and it strengthens itself with the money it levies on its victims.

In the interest of a class of men whose peculiar conditions make them the easy prey of greed, it is imperative to break the back of this tyranny. How? Simply by compelling obedience to the laws. No one questions the right of law-abiding men to board seamen, but they must respect the rights of others. The mayor, magistrates, courts and police must compel them to obey the law. If the runners of this Association assault rivals in business, they must be legally punished. If they beat a man to death, the law against murder must be legally executed.

In order to have a just public sentiment in support of good laws, the public needs to know what evil deeds are done in the interest of this Boarding House Association and how often they escape punishment. Its profits out of the shipping of seamen have been great, and it sticks at nothing to keep the business in its hands.

The Home of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at 190 Cherry Street, has been leased to Capt. H. O. APPLEBY, a good man with a good wife, who may be depended on to run it honestly. If the seamen who board in it cannot be shipped, of course they will cease to patronize it. It is now an attractive Home, and sailors would fill it if they were free to live where they like, and to ship as they please, without paying toll to a greedy syndicate. It is kept on business principles; the sailor is charged a fair sum for all he gets; he is not pauperized in any sense; but, while the sailor is at liberty to go and come as he likes, he can come under moral and religious influence in the Sailors' Home and feel that his temptations to evil are weakened and his desires for good are strengthened. That such a Home should be boycotted is an outrage to which the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY does not mean to submit if an appeal to law can prevent it.

— THE address of J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON, Esq., of New York, at the Boston Conference of workers among seamen has been issued in pamphlet form by the central committee named by the Conference. Mr.

JOHNSON'S address is devoted to the American sailor, the laws which govern his shipment and treatment, his condition ashore in the hands of crimps and boarding house keepers, and the reforms needed to protect him. Two main recommendations are made, the establishment of a branch for seamen of the Legal Aid Societies in seaports, and a Free Shipping Bureau. Mr. JOHNSON has done good service to seamen in the publication of this address, and it is hoped that it will find many readers and make them all the friends of the reformers' advocates.

LET the workers among seamen be heard first in regard to the usefulness of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE :

Fishermen and sailors ask often for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and look forward to its reappearance.—*H. C. Cushman.*

The Magazines are always welcomed with avidity.—*The Rev. R. Stubbs.*

A number of helpful things in it; especially helpful to the sailor's fraternity. I receive it with a joyful welcome.—*The Rev. Thos. Reed.*

I am so pleased with it that I write to ask you to send me as much of that kind of literature as you can for distribution among seamen.—*The Rev. Geo. S. Gassner.*

I greatly enjoy the SAILORS' MAGAZINE.—*Barna S. Snow.*

It is always perused with thrilling interest and pleasure.—*T. C. Dillon (Liverpool).*

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE and the LIFE BOAT were never better appreciated than we receive nothing that approaches them in their acceptableness for circulation among sailors.—*The Rev. F. Thompson.*

It is probably the most interesting periodical in the world in the realm of religious matters pertaining to seafaring life. We have received so much aid from it that we are glad, unasked, to give the word of testimony.—*The Rev. H. F. Lee, in Good News from Sea and Land.*

It is always loaded down to the Plimsoll mark with good things.—*The Sea Breeze.*

It keeps up its reputation for being a readable Magazine for other than those interested in a seaman's life.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

It renews our belief in the good work done among our seafaring men.—*Christian Advocate.*

The Magazine would be worth preserving for its poetical selections which are many and beautiful, but there is much beside of interest.—*The N. Y. Observer.*

It is too good a publication to have a single number wasted.—*Rev. W. C. Alexander, D.D.*

Always bright, strong, decisive and to the point.—*Thos. MacKellar, Ph. D.*

These unsought and unbought words appear in the Magazine to stimulate its readers to secure subscribers for it. Cannot each secure one, and many secure more than one? Do it to help the sailor, to enlarge the number of our friends, on whom the work in his behalf depends. Do it as a form of Christian effort and do it now.

A THANKSGIVING dinner was given to seamen by the Hope Clubs of the P. E. Church Missionary Society at 34 Pike Street. A good concert preceded the good dinner, and the sailors gave good heed to several speakers after it. Mr. and Mrs. MANSFIELD were admirable hosts, and their happy conduct of the affair increased the general good cheer. The sailors were as happy as children out of school, and no less happy were the men and women who catered to their pleasure. We were not present at a similar dinner given by the Seamen's Christian Association at 339 West Street, but hear that it also was a delightful success. He that brightens the life of a sailor ashore gives him happy thoughts afloat.

LOAN LIBRARIES. The master of the schooner *Sarah and Lucy* writes of No. 9,780 :

We have had one of your libraries for the past four years and it has been used by us all and appreciated.

The master of the ship *Troop* writes of No. 10,262 :

The library I have had on board my ship for two voyages around the world has been read by a great number of men, having had many changes in my crew. I have also read many of the volumes myself and have found much pleasure in the reading. Have also heard that the crew liked the same. I will in future collect a small donation from men when paying off, as I feel sure in many cases they will like to help the good cause along. Please accept the enclosed from me and wishing you success.

The master of the barkentine *St. Paul* writes of No. 10,367 :

The books are very interesting. Both myself and crew enjoyed them very much.

The master of the brigantine *Clyde* writes of No. 10,385 :

With thanks to the Society for the loan.

The captain of the bark *Saranac* writes of No. 10,420 :

There are three libraries here and the first chance I get I will send them to 27 Coenties Slip where you will be able to get them, and I hope you will loan us one for the next voyage, as I think, in fact, know, they do a great deal of good. We would have exchanged them last time but I was so very sick and they were overlooked somehow.

The chief officer of the bark *Hiram Emery* writes of No. 10,561 :

We have had one of your libraries for a trip to New Zealand and back, and have found the books very interesting.

The captain of the *Golden Rod* writes of No. 10,569 :

I exchanged library No. 10,569 with barkentine *Persia* for library No. 10,608. I have also received another library here which came with the stores. The other one would have been returned but was forgotten until after the vessel went into the stream. I will return it to you at the first opportunity. Now I wish to thank the Society through you for their kindness in supplying us with such good reading matter, and can say that they are much read in the cabin and some voyages much read forward also. That the libraries do good I have no doubt, as they keep the men's minds otherwise occupied than in concocting idle yarns and mischief.

THE CHANGE IN THE STARBOARD WATCH.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

[Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, F. R. G. S., author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot and Idylls of the Sea*, tells here the fascinating story of his conversion when a sailor. The Dunedin and Port Chalmers Rests are the spiritual birthplaces of many seamen.—ED.]

Amongst the many strange scenes in which I have borne a part, none is fraught with such tender memories as a certain occurrence which happened one Sunday evening in Port Chalmers, New Zealand, twenty-seven years ago. I was at the time an ordinary seaman, a grade midway between boy and A. B., on board the ship *Rangitikei*, just recently arrived from London. I had not a friend in the world as far as I knew. Like so many others of my class, I had degenerated into a mere animal, without hopes, and only caring for such comforts as I could appreciate—in truth, they were not many.

During the week I had discovered a cosy public-house in the main street, where a free-and-easy sing-song was held every night; and although by law all such places were entirely closed on Sunday, I had been given to understand that entrance by the back door would not be difficult. So, in company

with the carpenter's mate, a youth like myself, about sixteen years of age, I strolled up the town pier towards the public-house. But as we were passing a huge warehouse which faced the shore end of the pier a burst of melody came welling out of the darkness, sending queer tremors all through my body. Always passionately fond of music, I stood motionless, hardly breathing, lest I should lose a note. Softly my companion stole from my side, and went towards the grim-looking warehouse. Presently he returned, saying: "It's in there, Tom, up aloft somewhere. Let's go in." "No fear," I replied; "you don't catch me going where I ain't invited. You go if you like." Again he went, being considerably longer before he returned. When he did he said: "Come on, ole man, it's all right; they arst me to invite you up." I looked doubtfully at him to see if he was in earnest; but just then another beautiful chorus swept

down upon us, and, swallowing hard to get rid of a queer lump in my throat, I followed my chum up the dark, tortuous stairs, until we reached the top of the building. We were met by a pleasant-faced man, who gave us each a hymn book, and motioned us to a seat. The place was a sail loft, long and fairly lofty, dimly lit by kerosene lamps, and with a raised platform at one end, around which sat about twenty persons, male and female, singing in harmony, but without any accompaniment. It was my first experience of such a scene, and my sensations were indescribable. But to say that I enjoyed the singing only badly hints at the deep sense of delight that saturated me.

Now, I need not weary my readers by describing the service, familiar as it is to most if not all of them—a plain gospel preaching, absolutely free from any denominational bias whatever, and, better still, untainted by any assumed trick of voice or manner, that always suggest insincerity and cant. When the invitation came to all who were anxious to stay behind, Jimmy and I sat staring straight in front of us, glued to our seats, and utterly oblivious of the outgoing congregation, which, by the time the meeting was well under way, must have numbered a couple of hundred. When all was quiet again a little dark man, who had delivered the last address, mounted the platform, and quietly asked the now widely straggling remnant to close up. Shamefacedly and slowly we all converged upon the platform, and as soon as all was quiet again the little man spoke for about ten minutes.

Now, I am not going to discuss the much-vexed question of conversion here, but I bear witness,

as far as one man may, that at that hour a change took place in me which no other words can describe but a “new birth.” I saw no vision, heard no voice but that of the little dark man, felt no rapture of joy, but I was conscious of the uprising of that eternal life which is consequent upon the knowledge of God. I have noticed that in moments of tremendous mental crisis a numbness seizes all my thinking gear; so that, while I am actually conscious of the momentous happenings (to me) that are going forward, I am unable to realize them. So it was then, and almost automatically I accepted the invitation offered by a lady to come with the party to her house for supper. We were most kindly entertained, but I was very silent, and when Jimmy and I were returning on board it was as much as I could do to answer his sober remarks about the strange termination to our proposed Sunday evening spree.

In consequence of a change of captains, all hands received their discharges, and Jimmy and I had the inestimable privilege of frequent communication with the people who manned that mission. And I found, for the first time in my life, that there were people in the world who cared for me for my own sake, who did not want mine but me, and who were prepared to befriend me, with no ulterior object in view but my benefit, both physical and spiritual.

In process of time, and after many ups and downs of fortune, I found myself on board a big ship in the same port as “A. B. working by her,” as we term it, until the time came to sign articles. I did not like the prospect of going to 'Frisco in her, for, although she

hailed from Greenock, all her after-guard but one (the mate) and all her crew but myself and a Welshman were foreigners. I still went on every possible occasion to the sail loft, where I was launched, so to speak, and was often privileged to assist as far as I was able. There one evening I met a huge Norwegian sailor, who had just made the same plunge as I had. We speedily became great friends, and he confided to me his utter dread of the passage home in his ship—a Liverpool bark called the *West York*; for he had been the terror of the ship, all his previous experience having been in such floating hells as Yankees and Blue-noses (Canadian vessels) usually are. His truculent ferocity, added to his great size and strength, had made him feared and not a little hated. And now he was become as a little child—so soft-hearted that, when in the prayer meeting he poured forth in rugged Norsk his passionate petitions, the big tears trickled down his scarred face, until, inarticulate with sobbing, he resumed his seat.

As if by a special act of Providence on his behalf, one of his shipmates fell sick and got his discharge. The matter was hardly settled before Rasmussen, my friend (we always called him Jim), interviewed the skipper, who was a sturdy Cornish Methodist, and begged him to ship me, never doubting that I would gladly come. I did come, and for ten shillings a month less than I was offered in the Greenock ship; but I have never regretted it. Poor Jim was so overjoyed that he unwittingly made things a bit unpleasant for me at first by talking about me to the other fellows. Now, a "Holy Joe" is seldom welcome in a ship's fore-castle, and by

all the accepted rules, as well as the testimony of Jim, I was a "Holy Joe" of the most poisonous brand. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I was unaware of what was awaiting me. When I came on board I was received with a stiffness that was very disconcerting, but, shaking hands all round, I sat down to supper. When I bowed my head in momentary thanks for my food there was a silence that might be felt, but taking no notice, I began to chatter about some of my ludicrous farming adventures up country, and presently we were all on the best of terms with each other. But before turning in Jim and I retired to the obscurity of the top-gallant fore-castle (we lived in a house on deck on board the *West York*) and had a prayer meeting all to our two selves. Then, thoroughly happy, we turned in and slept till "turn-to" time.

In the two or three days that elapsed before we sailed there was a good deal of real sailor-work to be done—bending sails, overhauling running gear, etc., which gave me an opportunity of showing that good seamanship was not incompatible with being a "Holy Joe" but I was astounded at the feats of strength performed by Jim. He was subjected to a great deal of not too good-natured chaff, but he received it all with a merry laugh or a "Tank God fer dat." He whispered to me, though, when chance presented itself, that on the passage out his temper was so morose and savage that no one dared attempt to joke with him, and on one occasion, when we were bathing, he showed me more than a dozen knife wounds, souvenirs of some of the awful scenes in which he used to take so active part.

These vigorous exercises gave me ample opportunity for noticing what a fine young crew we had. There were three East Coast Scotchmen, Ballantyne, Moray, and Duffus, hailing from Aberdeen, Banff, and Auchtermuchty, in their order, and none of them over twenty-one. There were also a young St. Ives fisherman, Devas; a duff-headed fellow we called Cockney, though I disowned him as a townsman; a big North German, Schmidt; and Jim. Eight A. B.'s was really our complement, although we carried eleven hundred tons of grain home, but on this occasion we carried an ordinary seaman, a gentlemanly man, who had lost home, position, and friends through drink, had been sent out to New Zealand to get rid of him, and after much bitter husk-eating was now working his passage home, clothed and in his right mind. He was our senior in years, although our junior in position, being thirty-eight years old. Aft, captain Hambly was indeed the "old man," not only in sea parlance, but reality, for his son, a man of thirty years of age, was second mate. The mate, Mr. Le Marchant, was a little frizzled-up Guernsey man, of whom the principal thing I can remember is that he gave me Newton's "Navigation," by the aid of which I too passed for second mate when I got to London again.

Now, if it were not that I am reminded of exigencies of space, I could go on comfortably for another couple of pages describing the outbreak that took place before we sailed, as if the fellows were determined to let Jim and me see that they were not going to be shamed by us. But I must sternly stop the flow of my memory, only noting in passing how Ballantyne,

too drunk to stand, heard a man (likewise drunk) fall between the ship and the wharf at eleven o'clock one night, how he flung himself over the side like a bale of rags, and slid down a fender lanyard into the blackness of the swirling tide under the wharf, dragging the end of the fore-top-sail brace after him, and how before we could get a lantern lowered we heard Ballantyne yelling "Histe away, me sons; y' know what sons I mean." He had knotted a bowline round the stranger's waist, and as we hauled the inert mass on board Ballantyne sprang up the tender after him like a cat or a monkey, and, reaching the deck, his indiarubber-like legs collapsed under him, and down he sat, laughing inanely and swearing between whiles at everybody for not giving him "anither hauf mutchkin o' fhuskey." Neither he nor the rescued man seemed to be anything sobered by their cold bath, nor apparently did they take the least harm.

In consequence of these and similar outbursts Jim and I were heartily glad to get away to sea, although it was very bitter parting with the Christians who had been to us parents, home, and friends during our stay. To my deep satisfaction Ballantyne, Moray, Jim, and myself formed the starboard watch, under the second mate, and we were not three days at sea before I was convinced that we were going to be very chummy. Freed from the association with the other watch, and finding too, that Jim and I were anxious to do all we could in the way of good-fellowship and work, it was not long before our current topic was Christianity, to the utter extinction of the inanity which usually is the staple of Jack's conversation

at mealtimes. Then when the "old man" called us all aft to service on Sunday morning it was found that we might now have some singing, for I had learned quite a number of Sankey's hymns during my association with the friends at Port Chalmers. As most sailors love music there was soon a fine volume of sound ascending through the saloon skylight into the bright, clear breadth of that lovely, silent day. But how I did wish the skipper would not read the church service. Undenominational as I am to the last fibre, I have an intense love and reverence for the stately language of the Common Prayer Book, and it was with very real pain that I used to endure the worthy old man's floundering among those majestic sentences, especially when he made some blood-curdling mistake, such as reading "who was crucified" for "who was conceived" in the Creed, for instance. I'm sure we would all have enjoyed it so much better if he would have given us a regular old-fashioned Methodist meeting, such as he was accustomed to.

She was a very happy ship, for although the mate's watch did not seem very gay when they were below there was peace among them, and on deck the work went on in a delightfully comfortable manner. But one day there came a climax. How it came there I have not an idea, but I found a little book, "Jessica's First Prayer," and in our forenoon watch below, as soon as breakfast was over, I began to read it aloud, my three watch-mates lying in their bunkers silently smoking. Perhaps the childishness of it may raise a smile, but I have the most intensely vivid recollection of the way in which every word of that pathetic little

story beat upon our hearts. And presently the reading stopped, for all of us were in tears over Jessica's fervent request that "God would please pay Mr. Dan'el for all the nice breakfasts he'd given her"—grouts and crumbs though they were.

That night it was my look-out from ten till midnight, and one of the two apprentices (whom I have quite neglected to mention before) was at the wheel. There was but the tiniest air of wind and hardly any swell, so I sat on the capstan looking out upon the great blue void, with the vast voice of that Divine Silence telling me unutterable things. A deep, measureless content sat upon my soul like a brooding dove, and for the time Past, Present and Future were merged in one blissful Now. A voice at my side recalled me from the eternities, and I looked round to see Ballantyne at my elbow, the bright glow of the moon upon his face revealing it all distorted by emotions struggling for utterance. Jumping down from my perch, I put both hands on his shoulders and said: "Why, Ballantyne, old chap, whatever's the matter?" Presently he found his voice, and groaned: "I'm an awfu' sinner. Aam juist a miserable, feckless loun. Whatever will I dae?" With my heart thumping like a piston, I tried to comfort him, but the spectacle of a soul just revealed to itself by God was almost more than I could bear. His story was like my own, except that he had a mother and I had never known mine. No one had ever taught him anything, he said, that was any good to him; but somehow that night the whole of his past life had risen up before him and made him sore afraid. My whole heart went out to him from

the sublime peace I was enjoying, and soon I was listening to what I was saying to him and wondering whether it was my own voice or another's. Suddenly he put up his hand, and said in a soft voice: "Let's have a bit pray'r frae ye, Tom." Down we knelt in the sweet moonlight, and prayed as Adam did when God was his constant companion, and fear had not yet begun to darken his sky. We said but little, and that uncouthly, I doubt not; but we knew that we were heard and answered. Never shall I forget the expression on his face as we rose. I have often seen something like it since upon the face of one of my infants, when, rousing fretfully in the night, it felt my hand upon its forehead and settled at once into a peaceful sleep again, all its needs satisfied. Whispering to him: "I must go and tell Jim," I sprang off the forecastle, and rushed round the corner of the house into Jim's arms. Seizing me in his bearlike hug, he swung me off my feet as if I had been a child, saying with a shining face, "Moray's foun' de Lord, Moray's foun' de Lord."* It was true. Without premeditation or collusion this wonderful thing had happened. All four of us got together, and looked at each other as if we were dear friends just met after years of absence. And when the watch was relieved, and we got below, we sang—oh! how we sang! The port watch looked in one by one with scared faces, and went away like men who had seen a ghost. Thenceforward that forecastle was a good place to be in. The other watch shunned it during our

watch below, as if we were infected (as no doubt we were); but nothing made any difference to us. And it did not wear off or grow stale. The first fervor broadened into a serene state of happiness that nothing external seemed able to disturb. And when we arrived at Portland, Oregon, only one boarding master (a deep-dyed villain he was) came on board. In five minutes he fled, howling curses upon us.

When we arrived at Belfast and presented ourselves to be paid off, the old shipping-master was constrained to say that never had he seen such a smart, well-dressed, and well-behaved crew come before him, and he had been in the business forty years.



Mistaken Notions about the Sea.

Story writers dealing with the wonders of the deep have imagined that dead bodies, cargoes of ships, and ships themselves sink down only part way, the density of the water keeping them from reaching the bottom. But as such bodies are of greater density than water, they *must* sink to the very bottom; though the pressure of the water increases in proportion to its depth, its density, even under the greatest pressure, is but slightly increased, and never sufficiently to make it identical with the density of any falling body—the only condition in which suspension could occur. The sea in order to move heavy bodies like rocks has to overcome only about half of the weight of the object. A solid body immersed becomes lighter by the weight of water which it displaces. —*The Mistakes we Make.*

* Rasmussen is now a sailors' missionary in Norway. Another of Bullen's shipmates is a Church of England minister, and two others are captains.

THE SEA IS HIS.

The thoughts of the Nation have been in recent years with the men on the high seas. Their daring, their quick response to every demand on character, discipline, and skill, and their brilliant achievements, have kindled the imagination of the country as it has not been kindled for years past. To many, recent events have been like the lifting of a great curtain; they had been so long home-bound that they had almost forgotten that there were other worlds beyond the horizon, other people beyond the seas, marvellous countries beyond the dip of the sky. Suddenly, in the quietness of this sluggish content, reports of great deeds on distant oceans have come flashing beneath the tides, strange names freighted with the richness of the tropics have crossed the threshold of familiar speech, and distant peoples have moved into the field of interest. The ships of the Nation sailing through remote waters or cruising along unfamiliar shores, have been the forerunners of the thoughts of the Nation.

From the earliest times the sea has united rather than separated men; it has made the ends of the earth accessible. Three-quarters of the surface of the globe is covered with water; and this vast flood, the rush of whose tides seems to threaten the very existence of the land, is sometimes spoken of as it were a vast and habitless waste! We forget how great a part of the most useful and heroic life of the race has been spent on this trackless waste; that armies of men live upon it and by means of it as normally and constantly as by the culture of the soil or the making of things of use, or by the thousand industries which minis-

ter to the needs of civilized society. The sea has a vast population dependent upon it; a commerce every year increasing in magnitude and value; its wastes are as carefully charted as the highways through a thickly settled country; its shoals and reefs and coast-lines are lighted like the streets of cities; vast companies of travellers traverse it from end to end as regularly as they use the trains on the main lines of the great railway systems. Men have become as familiar with it as with the land; its sources of revenue are almost as great; its service to humanity quite as important. The ceaseless roar of the surf as it breaks on the shore, the "moaning of the homeless sea," the fury of tempests, have bred the feeling that the sea is a habitless waste; it is, in reality, the home of multitudes of men, and it is as integral a part of the organism of modern life as the grain-bearing prairies, or those fertile valleys in which the sunlight seems to dream through the long summer days.

When one takes into account the perils involved in all industries and in the general conditions of life on land, it seems probable that the dangers of the sea are neither so many nor so great. The fury of the great deep is appalling, but the genius of man has gone a long way toward robbing it of its terrors; the loneliness of the sea is at times oppressive to the imagination, but the skill of man has made him at home when no sail is in sight and thousands of restless miles lie between him and land. The sea becomes as friendly as the land when men come to understand its conditions and to put themselves into harmony with it.

scourge it as did Xerxes, and its waves lap the shore in the scorn of perfect indifference; but study the stars and tides, watch winds and currents, mark coast-lines and reefs, use the elements, set the sail to the wind or the screw to the impact of the water, and the sea works for and with man as cheerfully and generously as the land. It is the terror of the timid and the peril of the ignorant and wilful; but it is the joy of the brave and the ally of the intelligent and skilful. It is God's in precisely the same sense in which the earth is His; "for He made it." And what God has made is for man's use, safety and growth whenever and wherever he is strong enough and wise enough to read God's thoughts and follow the lines of God's purpose.

The sea has been the friend of man in a special and peculiar sense. It has not only fed and clothed him and made a highway for him, but it has invited him to do heroic deeds, and it has stirred his imagination generation after generation. Its perils have seemed to invest the rewards it offered with a compelling charm for the daring and adventurous; its spell has wrought on the most heroic spirits. The first sailors were explorers, and therefore heroes. No charts traced their course for them; no lights burned on strange coasts to guide their perilous ways; no bells tolled on dangerous reefs or were rung by the swing of the waves. They were beset with unknown perils; they faced unimagined calamities; but their valleys bravely broke the solitude of the Mediterranean, passed beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the vast outer sea, and through a thousand perilous years crossed and recrossed that sea until it has be-

come a lighted highway of commerce. The story of the Sirens seems so probable that one who loves the sea is often tempted to accept it as history. Voices are always calling from out the distance and the shifting mists; voices full of wonderful music, with tones that set the heart vibrating, and echo in the imagination like the sounds of a vaster world. That music has lured many to the fury of devouring seas, but it has invited more to brave deeds and splendid achievements. The sea has a nobler melody than the song of the Siren; out of its deeps there rises the great music of freedom, faith, and courage; that song of life which brave spirits are attuned to hear, and to the music of which the heroic in every age have moved gallantly on to great adventures and achievements.

God's world is not only a world of fertile fields and gardens sweet with flowers, of quiet firesides and of peaceful industry; it is a world of peril, sacrifice, hardship, and heroic adventure as well. The wise man loves the ways of peace and ease; but he loves also the danger of the great opportunity, the peril of the great undertaking, the chances of heroic search and trust. The heart must be by the fireside, but the spirit must know the ends of the earth; for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and the children of the Infinite cannot reject any part of their heritage. It is better to go down with the tides than to sit always in inglorious content. Man is an adventurer, not a lotus-eater; he was framed to be taught by experience, not to be shielded in inglorious ease. "He makes noble shipwreck who is lost in seeking worlds," says Lessing; and the

great critic's thought may be rounded by adding Channing's beautiful line: "If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea." The song of the sea, which rises and falls with the tide along the shores of the world, is the song of life for hearts that grow cold in the selfishness of mere comfort, for the imagination that loses its larger reach in the sensuous warmth of fruitful valleys. Far inland that song is heard by those who are in peril of becoming the children of a day instead of the sons of God; like a faint music it sings in the hearts of the reapers at the centre of the continent, and straightway the great world beyond the horizon's rim sweeps into view. There is a restlessness which is idle and sterile; but there is also a discontent which is born of man's instinct to know what is in life and to mix himself with its deepest movement. And so God's sea sings forever in the ears of men that song of seeking and daring and risking which is the song of life.

And how beautiful the sea is! With what radiancy of color, what

soft loveliness, what splendor of light, God has clothed it as with a garment! The land has its majesty of mountain outline, its endless charm of varying form; but the sea is all motion, atmosphere and changing light. Its voice seems to come from far beyond the horizon, and all its beauty is steeped in mystery. The land reveals its resources of use and charm; one feels that he may count and possess them; but the sea hides and baffles and eludes. Its secrets are never told; one never becomes familiar with it; it makes its appeal always to the imagination, never to the memory. Is it not a symbol of that mystery which encircles man's life as the sea encircles its islands? A mystery sometimes of darkness and storm, and sometimes of unsearchable light and splendor; the mystery of forces not yet mastered, of elements not yet comprehended, of a world vaster and more wonderful than the one in which we build our homes and plant our gardens? — *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

DEEP-SEA RESEARCHES.

In *Nature* the prince of Monaco describes in a most interesting article the result of his deep-sea explorations, carried on in the Atlantic and elsewhere for a number of years, and the many strange discoveries he has made. In the course of his remarks the prince says:

Among the special circumstances created by the statical and dynamical conditions of the deep sea, organic life presents itself under aspects which appear strange to those who are accustomed to its appearance near the surface. I

endeavored to obtain from all the levels of the sea as many samples of the species belonging to them as it was possible, but I had no other apparatus than the dredge or trawl used for former scientific cruises, which can only get animals fixed on the bottom of the sea, or hiding in the mud, or possessing very slow means of progressing. Of course I have used it a great deal, because no other instrument can collect for us certain fauna; but when it occurred to me that there must be in the deep waters some nimble

animals able to escape such a net as a trawl, I first built a trap of a special shape, and very large, in order to attract these supposed animals, when properly baited. The trap is lowered to the bottom with a steel cable, and hauled up again after having been left there for a day or two attached to a buoy. The handling of this was very difficult in the beginning, and required several years' practice to be brought up to positive rules, but it has given most brilliant results, animals quite unknown coming into my hands perfectly well preserved against frictions, shocks, and other causes of damage to which they would be liable in a trawl. One interesting fact they have shown is the enormous numbers in which some animals exist in certain places. As an example, I obtained one day in a trap that had been lying on the bottom, at 700 fathoms depth, for twenty-four hours, 1,198 fish called "*Simenchelys parasiticus*," and which was only known by one or two samples in a more or less imperfect state. I have succeeded in sending these traps as low as 3,000 fathoms with complete success. On one occasion my trap brought up a new crab, one of the largest ever known, "*Geryon affinis*," and there were 64 specimens of it. Curiously enough, several of them, which had not yet found the entrance of the trap when it was hauled up, made the whole voyage of many hundreds of fathoms clinging voluntarily to the outside of the trap.

Lately I have obtained a certain number of large animals living in those intermediate depths, and belonging to the very interesting group of cephalopods, by examining the stomachs of several cetaceans who feed upon them. Since

this interesting fact I added to the scientific gear of my vessel a complete whaling arrangement. This new method has given me the most remarkable animals of my whole collection; one especially, the "*Lepidoteuthis Grimaldii*," can be classified in no actually known species, genus, or even family of his order. It was vomited in 1895 during the dying struggles of a sperm whale, but had unfortunately lost its head by the last adventures of its life. The fragment is about one yard in length, and the complete animal must have measured over seven feet; adding the arms, we get a monster of colossal strength. Its most remarkable feature is a cuirass of large prominent scales which cover its visceral bag; these are quite unknown with animals of that order. The vomitings of the same sperm whale, which covered two acres of the sea with his blood, contained another immense cephalopod, a *Cucoteuthis*, with arms as strong as a man's, and carrying suckers armed with claws as powerful as those of a tiger; this animal is furnished with luminous organs. In 1897 another large cetacean that I was attacking with my whale boats vomited a large fragment of a cephalopod which was peculiar, it being of viscid substance not unlike glycerine; no net could retain it, and we only secured it by "dipping" it up with a large tub as well as the mass of water in which it was floating. But it will be convenient to remind the reader that cetaceans divide themselves into two principal groups. One, to which belongs the right whale, or other marine mammals chased by whalers, and who feed upon very small animals that they absorb simply by moving about with their mouths

open. They have no teeth, but a sort of sieve made of what is called whalebone.

Another group, to which belongs the sperm whale, is armed with powerful teeth, a single one weighing sometimes as much as six pounds. They live upon big preys, mostly cephalopods, as aforesaid. These cetaceans are ferocious, while the others have a much milder temper, and some of them, as the "Orca Gladiator," can be very dangerous to attack. Two years ago I chased a school of three of these, just off the Monaco rock, and very soon one was struck by my whaler's harpoon. While it was ending with violent struggles, the two others came alongside the whaleboat, and seemed willing to fight for their companion. They swam round and round, sometimes so close that the men touched their enormous backs with their hands. I had to release at once that boat, and for an hour we were (seventeen men and three boats) engaged in the most grand wrestling. The result was that a second orque was killed by a spear stroke. On the previous day we had caught a grampus, also a cetacean; so we returned to the harbor of Monaco with three of these monsters captured within fifteen miles of that place. The orques are black and white, much like a magpie, and these were 16 and 18 feet long. They seem to feed exclusively on porpoises. My two when opened contained each of them a dozen pieces of porpoise in its stomach, like heaps of paving stones; they had just taken a meal when they were struck.

Among many remarkable facts that I have observed during my studies of the ocean one has especially called my attention because of its practical consequences;

that is the intensity of life appearing on the surface at certain hours. Almost in every region of the North Atlantic where I have carried on my investigations, I have ascertained the existence of large tunny fishes, which morning and evening chase smaller fishes whose shoals sometimes cover the sea on such a large area that we sail or steam for hours and hours across them. Then, if we sight some wreckage—as a log or a barrel—we always find under it or near it fishes of a good size and of different species that never seem to abandon this guide that they have chosen, and that takes them across the Atlantic. They are very easily caught with a fish spear, and the tunny fish are hooked with a tow-line baited with a rough imitation of a squid. Many sailors wrecked on the Atlantic and abandoned for days and weeks on its apparently uninhabited wilderness have died of hunger among a most abundant and attainable food, and they could have been saved had they simply known it, and possessed the very simple gear required. Therefore I think that all the principal boats of a ship ought to be permanently provided with a few lines and hooks and with a fish spear. There is no very obvious explanation of the fascination which any floating or drifting object seems to have for marine animals of various sorts. Even turtles, which are very stupid, and sperm whales or other cetaceans, which seem intelligent, are attracted by a buoy or by a ship, and any kind of apparatus brought up from the depth, even a cable end, is often accompanied by single fish or small companies, which get hopelessly bewildered when the object disappears out of the water.

THE BOARDING OF THE "WELCOME."

The Thames rolls by in muddy waves. The great water-way is like a busy street; factories, ship-building yards and warehouses line it on both sides. Here and there old-fashioned wooden inns seemingly overlooked by the high tide of commerce, abut upon the river. From the back windows, or rather the front windows, for the street behind is a less important thoroughfare than the river, you can look down upon the shallow water and the moored boats, which toss and roll uneasily with the wash of every passing steamer. At low water the iridescent mud—a kind of devil's broth of who knows what strangely mingled corruption—lies bare, and sends up rank odors. From the landing stage you have a good view of the tall grey steeple of old Limehouse Church, the only building within sight not consecrated to the worship of black King Commerce.

It was a sunny afternoon. The planks of the landing-stage were hot to the touch, the pitch in the interstices was in a semi-liquid state. At this hour traffic by the passenger boats is slack. Bill Baxter, the weather-beaten man who issued tickets, sat on a short bench outside his little official box, and, with waistcoat unbuttoned, read the paper. A few boatmen in faded blue jerseys lolled idly about, and sucked their blackened pipes in hopeless silence.

In a small deck-house sat Mr. Wood, the responsible manager of the pier. He was a brawny, sailor-like man, who had sailed as mate on board small West Indian sugar ships. His face was the color of oak, his thin hair was grizzled. He wore a shabby suit of navy blue, and a peaked cap, thrust far back on his head. Wood had mar-

ried late in life, and was a widower. His son Harry, a very little chap, sat beside him, making a drawing with a few cheap colored chalks. The child was fair-haired and blue-eyed, with an appearance of low vitality; his jaw was too small and his forehead too large for Limehouse. Harry had worked on busily for about ten minutes in silence, while his father sat in a kind of waking trance, watching the creeping barges and the shipping with lustreless eyes; his thoughts were far away back in the vanished years.

"Father."

"Well, sonny."

"My head is so hot, and the colors are jumping."

"Jumping, are they? It is the heaving of the stage, 'Arry. The *City of Asia* has just gone down the river, and we're getting her wash. Have a drink of water!"

"Oh, father, the smell of the pitch hurts my head, and the river makes me giddy, it seems to hurry so this afternoon." The child put his drawing aside, and leaned his head wearily on his little hand: the slender wrist looked almost transparent. "Hullo, Ben," he said, with some show of interest, "what do you want?" He spoke to a gigantic young waterman, six feet and more of bone and muscle, topped by a brick-colored face and red hair, who had crept up silently, and put his head inside the shelter. This was the notorious Ben Rucker, or "Bullocky Ben," a bonnie fighter on the "stones," and the acknowledged champion of Limehouse.

"How goes it, capt'n?" he said in a hoarse voice, and expectorated skilfully without removing his pipe.

"Tolerable," said Mr. Wood.

"Wot's wrong with 'Arry? Looks a bit whitish about the gills."

"Complains of his 'ead. You orter have stopped at home to-day, 'Arry—more wholesome for you this weather."

"I can't, father. I must see the river and the ships; besides I had to finish this."

"Let's 'ave a look, 'Arry, old chap," said Ben; "'and over."

With a slow weary action, the child handed the drawing up to the giant. Ben held it clumsily in his great brown paw, and looked over it anxiously at the blue-veined temples of the child, and his eyes shining with unwonted brightness. Then he examined the picture. Ben was not an art critic; his knowledge of the fine arts was confined to the illustrations in the *Police News*, the posters on the boardings, and the productions of pavement artists. There was a promise in the crude infantile scratches that he could not see. "Why, you are a comin' on, 'Arry," he said. "Strike me lucky if this ain't almost good enough for a frame. 'Ere's the 'Stralian liner, with the water foamin' up white at the cut-water, the funnels, the pilot on the bridge, and the bloke at the wheel, the very moral of life. You're a smart chap, 'Arry. I've seen wuss ones on the stones. You might give me this, 'Arry."

"You may have it if you like, Ben."

"There, I always said you was a gennelman," said Ben, as he crumpled the drawing up, and thrust it into his trousers pocket. "Come out in the boat, 'Arry."

"No, not to-day, Ben."

"Yus, come hon. We'll pull acrost to Grinidge 'orspital, and you shall hold the tiller-lines. We'll 'ave another squint at them

pictures, Lord Nelson, and that."

"No, thank you, Ben, the water is too bright. I can rest here, and Harry sighed deeply.

Old Wood heard the sigh, but his face never changed, he still looked fixedly across the river. Ben made prodigious efforts to catch his eye, but in vain.

"Cheer up, 'Arry," said Ben. "mustn't give in, you know, a big chap like you. I've got something in my pocket for yer."

Harry looked up eagerly. "What is it?" he said. "Is it a picture?"

"No, a heap better than a picture," and Ben produced a paper bag full of coagulated brandy balls. "Try 'em," he said enthusiastically, "they'll set you up, they're as strong as a 'ouse."

Harry patted lovingly the great hand that held the gift. He did not like to hurt the man's feelings by a refusal, but he placed the bag beside him on the bench.

Without looking at the child, Wood stooped and lifted up the little feet. "Lie up, sonny," he said, "and put this coat under your 'ead."

"Thank you, father."

"He's queer, capt'n," said Ben in a low voice, "never knew 'im to refuse a brandy ball afore. Wish I'd brought jumbles or chokerlit."

Wood did not answer, but he placed the back of his hand against the boy's forehead.

"Ot?" inquired Ben.

"As a biler," said the father.

Ben unwound the red handkerchief from his bull neck, dipped it in the river, and put it on the child's head.

"Ow's that, 'Arry?"

"Beautiful, like mother's hand, used to be, it takes the pain away."

"Woolidge boat along, capt'n," said Ben.

Wood jumped up and went out.

"Ease 'er. Stop 'er. Hard astarn," bawled a hoarse voice, and a great bump made the stage heave and quiver. Then came the clatter of many feet along the gangway, across the stage, and over the long wooden bridge, the sounds dying away gradually up the narrow stone causeway of the Hole.

"Can't I get yer nothin', 'Ar-yer?" said Ben.

Harry opened his weary eyes, and looked up at him. "Not now, Ben," he said; "I don't want anything; but you shall carry me home to-night, if you're not out. It doesn't make you tired, does it?"

Ben uttered a gruff laugh. "Why, I'd carry you and the capt'n too," he said, "and do it on my 'ead."

"How did you get that black eye, Ben?"

"Fell upstairs!" said Ben sheepishly.

"Does it hurt much?"

"'Urt, no! wot I give back did."

"Poor stair," said Harry.

"Ah, yes, the stairs, of course. Hullo, here's father back again."

Wood resumed his seat, and handed the child a few grapes. "Man came off with a basketful," he said. "I bought a pennorth."

Harry ate the grapes, and began to talk.

"Father."

"Well, sonny."

"Where do all the ships go to?"

Wood rubbed his blue covered knees slowly. "All manner of places," he said. "Some of 'em goes right round the world to Australia and New Zealand, across many thousands of miles of blue water. Some of 'em goes to India, where the Lascars come from, and some goes to the West Indies, where your macaw Jack come from."

"They go to lands like I have seen in the pictures, where the sun always shines, and the fog never comes," said Harry thoughtfully. "Shall I ever see those places, and draw them, father?"

"Aye, when you get big."

"The river runs always, it has been running ever since I saw it; will all the water be passed before I grow up?"

"No, sonny, it will be running just as fast when we're gone."

"Gone where?"

"Aye, sonny, where? That's the question, ain't it?"

"Where does the river come from, father?"

"Oh, away far back in the green country. It's crystal clear when it starts, and it runs and runs till it reaches the blue sea, away beyond the Nore."

"Does it make the sea dirty?"

"No, sonny, it's too big; the sea don't never change."

"Like the blue sky above the clouds?"

"Aye."

"I wish I could draw the river, but the colors never come right. I saw it once so red, as red as fire, once in the winter when the blocks of ice came by, and the fog was going up. The river was like a stream of blood, but the colors were not a bit like it."

"Never mind, sonny, you shall have a box of paints one of these days, and then we'll see."

"Shall I, really? But there's one thing you never tell me, father—when is the ship coming for us?"

"What ship, sonny?"

"The ship you have often told me about, the one that'll take us to the country where mother is, and the drowned sailors are who never come back. When will she sail?"

"Not yet, sonny, not yet. She'll

come for me first, and for Ben, there and then she'll put back for you."

"What do they call her, father?"

Mr. Wood looked puzzled, and put his hands into his pockets. "Perhaps you may have heard the name of that ship, Ben?" he said.

Ben only struck a match on his rough trousers, and tried to re-light his pipe. He could give no help.

"But you must have heard her name, father?"

"Aye, sonny, I've heard it, only you see there's so many ships a runnin' through my 'ead that they gets mixed up a bit. Let me see—ah! I've got it now; it's the *Welcome*, that's 'er name. That's right, ain't it, Ben?"

"Right you are, capt'n, the *Welcome*, sure enough," said Ben, rather hoarser than usual. "And it looks to me as if she was a clear-in' out o' dock," but this he muttered to the bowl of his pipe.

"But, father, can't we all ship together—you and Ben and me, with my monkey, Dago, and the macaw?"

Wood's eyes still sought the further shore, while he held the child's hot little hand in his. We'll see, sonny, we'll see," he said huskily. "If we had good luck, the best luck, we'd all ship together; but the rule is one at a time, more's the pity—with 'opes, aye, strong 'opes, of all seein' one another again when we gets to port."

"What's the ship like, father? tell me about her."

"Never you mind, sonny, don't trouble yourself about that there ship no more. Let's 'ope none of us won't be going on board of her for a long, long time. We've got our work to do this side, and let's try and do it."

"But tell me."

"Oh, she's a big ship, nigh on five thousand tons burden. He us out, Ben!"

"With white funnels," said Ben.

"And found and fitted like a liner," said Wood. "But 'ere's the down boat; lay still, sonny," and he hurried away.

"S'long, 'Arry," said Ben. "I must be looking out for a far. Keep your 'eart up, old chap. I'll carry you 'ome safe at tea-time."

Harry was left alone. For a few seconds he lay quite still, his blue ringed eyes closed. Then he heard the sob of a big steamer coming down the river.

He got up, feeling so giddy and weak, and went out into the white glare of the afternoon sun.

Yes, there she was, a big liner with white funnels, coming proudly down stream. "I wonder if it is," thought Harry. "Can she be bound for the bright country where mother and the drowned sailors are, where there is no more headache? Will she stop and take us aboard? What ship is that?" he asked of a tarry caulker, who was passing across the stage.

The man cast a swift look over his shoulder, and knew her at once. "What ship?" he said. "Why, cocky, she's the *Welcome* and low down she looks, don't she?"

"I knew it," cried Harry, clasping his hands, "she's come at last. Why doesn't she slacken speed. Father—Ben—she's here! The *Welcome* has come."

His weak, childish voice was drowned in the trampling of feet and the snorting of the engine. His father was on the further side of the crowding passengers and did not see him.

The little figure passed under the chain and stood on the brim

off the pier, waving Ben's red handkerchief to the stately ship, which held on her course in mid-river.

"Oh, she's passing! Father—Ben—we shall be left behind!" He waved his arms in passionate appeal, and the hot tears rushed to his eyes. The fierce sun smote his throbbing head. The shimmering river turned to flashing

gold, and leaped up towards him. The landing-stage gave a great heave. Then Harry's headache suddenly ceased. The liner went on her way, the muddy river hurried on to the ocean, the steamer backed out, and went her way too, but Harry was safe on board the *Welcome*.—*J. Deane Hilton, in Sunday Magazine.*

IDYLS OF THE SEA.

As if ecstatic in their appreciation of the banishment of night, a school of porpoises, 5,000 strong, indulge in riotous gambols. Leaping high into the air, their shining, lithe bodies all a quiver with pure joy of abundant life, they churn the kindly sea into foam, leaving in their mad, frolicsome rush a wide track of white on the smoothness behind them. So flawless is the calm that even the tiny argosy of the nautilus is tempted to rise and spread its silken sail, a lovely, gauzy curve just a shade or so lighter in hue than the sapphire of the sea, and so discernible from that height to the practiced eye. In quick succession more and more appear, until a fairy fleet of hundreds is sailing as if bearing Titania and her train to some enchanted isles, where never wind blows loudly. But lo! as if at a signal from a pigmy Admiral, the squadron have vanished bubble-wise. From where they lately rode in mimic pageant rises, ghostlike, a vast flock of flying fish, the hum of whose vibrant wing-fins ascends to the ear. Many thousands in number, glistening in the sunblaze like burnished silver, they glide through the air with incredible speed, the whole shoal rising and falling in wavelike undulations, as if in the

performance of preconcerted evolutions. They have been flying upon a plane of, perhaps, twenty feet above the sea for some 500 yards, and are just about to re-enter the water, when beneath them appear the blazing beauties of a school of dolphin, not the dull-hued mammal, but the poet-beloved fish. At that dread sight the solid phalanx breaks up, hurled back upon itself in the disorder of deadly panic. In little groups, in single fugitives, they scatter to every point of the compass, a hopelessly disorganized mob, whereof the weaker fall to swift oblivion in the gaping jaws of their brilliant, vigorous foes beneath. The main body sheer off, badly thinned, in a fresh direction, long, quivering raiders launching themselves in hot pursuit upon their rear, devouring as they rush, until eaters and eaten disappear, and the battle-field lies in placid beauty, as if never disturbed. One hovering bird, a "bo'sun," with long, slender tail and feathers of purest white, circles around on unmoving, out-spread pinions, slowly turning his pretty head with dark incurious eyes upon the strange biped so awkwardly perched in the dominions of upper air. Whence and when did he come? A moment since and he was not.

Did the vacant ether produce him? Yet another moment and he is gone as he came, leaving behind him a palpable sense of loss.

But now all attention is concentrated upon the horizon, where the trained eye has caught a glimpse of something of greater interest than either bird or fish. A series of tiny puffs, apparently of steam, rise from the shining surface, but so evanescent that nothing but long practice would discern them at so great a distance. Irregularly, both as to time and position, they appear, a shadowy procession of faintest indefinite outlines, a band of brief shadows. Yet upon them eager eyes are bent in keenest attention, for they represent the possibilities of substantial gain, and bring the mind back from the realms of pure romance with the swiftness of a diving seabird down to the hard necessities of everyday life. They are the breath of marine mammals, mightiest of ocean's citizens, and strangest of links between the inhabitants of land and sea. A little keen scrutiny, however, reveals the disappointing fact that those feathery phantoms mark the presence of that special species of whales which enjoy complete immunity from attack, either from above or below. Their marvelous agility, no less than the exiguous covering of fat to which they have reduced the usually massive blubber borne by their congeners, gives abundant reason why they should be thus unmolested. So they roam the teeming seas in the enviable as well as almost unique position among the marine fauna of exemption from death, except by sickness or old age, as much as any sedate, law-abiding citizen of London. They seem to be well aware of their privileges, for they

draw near the ship with perfect confidence, heeding her huge shadow no more than if she were a mass of rock rising sheer from the sea folk. From our lofty eyrie we watch with keenest interest the antics of these great creatures—their amatory gambols, parental care, elegant ease and keen sportiveness. Yonder piebald monster who seems the patriarch of the school, after basking placidly in the scorching rays of the sun now high in the heavens, gravely turns a semi-somersault, elevating the rear half of his body (some forty feet or so) out of the water. Then, with steady, tremendous strokes, he beats the water, the hundred square feet of his tail falling flatly with a re-verberation like the sound of a distant bombardment. The others leap out of the water, sedately as become their bulk, or roll over and over each other upon the surface, occasionally settling down, until they look like fish about a foot or so in length. They even dare to chafe their barnacle-studded sides against the vessel's keel, sending a strange tremor through her from stem to stern, which is even felt in the "crow's nest." But no one molests them in any way; in fact, it must be placed to the whaler's credit that he rarely takes life for "sport," though callous as iron where profit of any kind may be secured.—*The Spectator*.

LIEUT. MAURY has calculated that if an inch of rain fell over a fifth part of the surface of the Atlantic, it would mean an addition to its volume of 360 million tons of water, and that if the same amount of water evaporated from the ocean, it would leave 16 million tons of sea-salt.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

India.

BOMBAY.

Mr. F. Wood writes on October 16, 1899:

Number of ships in port since last statement, 243; religious services held in chapel, 27, elsewhere, 16; average attendance of seamen at services, 28, of others, 10; religious visits to hospitals, 3, on ships, 144; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 16, tracts, 770.

many men on shore during September, necessitating much more time being devoted to the shore work.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 20, all others, 148, (303 Japanese foreign trade); religious services held in chapel, 13, on shipboard, 7, in U. S. military camp, 1; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 16, of others, 8; religious visits to hospitals, 1, on ships, 102, in boarding houses, 10; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 32, tracts, 69 bundles.

Japan.

KOBE.

Mr. EDWARD MAKEHAM writes on October 5, 1899:

The operations of the United States forces in the Philippines have led to many more American vessels visiting this port, and the necessities of the cavalry brigade have caused the transports to remain here from a week to ten days, during which time the horses have been landed for exercise and the men camped on shore.

The advent of so many men at one time has taxed our slender resources to the utmost; we have, however, done all in our power for their comfort.

At the Institute, which has been open from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., writing materials have been provided free, and many letters also mailed free. In addition to the regular services, some form of entertainment or meeting has been held every evening, at the close of which tea and cake have been passed round.

That the men have thoroughly appreciated the efforts put forward on their behalf is shown in the fact that in one week more than two hundred and fifty letters were written at the Institute, and that from forty to sixty men were present at each meeting or concert. The number of men using the Institute for the past quarter, exclusive of the attendance at the various services, etc., has been about one thousand eight hundred and forty.

The number of ships visited and services afloat has been considerably less this quarter, owing to my absence on leave during August, and the presence of so

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

The Rev. FRANK THOMPSON writes on October 9, 1899:

Our beloved *Hopeful* was lost in a hurricane on August 13, as I advised you in a previous letter. Everything on board at the time was lost with her, the caretaker and his faithful dog alone escaped. The loss of property all along the water front by the storm was enormous. How the shipping escaped as well as it did was a wonder. Only one other vessel besides the *Hopeful* was lost. There were no lives lost in the bay.

For two Sundays after the wreck we held services on board the British ship *Otterspool*, Capt. REID, when we transferred the Bethel flag to the laid-up steamer *Coquimbo* belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Liverpool and Valparaiso. Through the kindness of the manager we may occupy this steamer until such time as she may be stripped for a hulk; it may be a year, or may possibly be but a few months.

On the day following the wreck of the *Hopeful* some of the leading British merchant houses said to me, "if you want another vessel for your mission, Mr. THOMPSON, start your subscription at once and we will subscribe the purchase money." At a meeting held on the 16th of August our directors decided not to move for the present for the purchase of another vessel. The reasons urged were, the changing condition of our shipping, as steam is supplanting sail, the great expense of keeping up a floating Bethel, but more especially the great danger to

such vessel in our bay, and the impossibility of insuring such property. None of the insurance companies would accept the risk. For the present we are most comfortably and conveniently accommodated in the *Coguinbo*, and should it become necessary to leave her, the manager of the company intimated that they would be able to arrange to give us place on another vessel. The company have always several lying in the bay, used only as hulks. The sympathy and readiness to help showed very clearly how much all these friends appreciated the mission and its work, and was most gratifying to us.

* The decision reached by our directors met with my own approval. The work of our mission can under the circumstances be carried on efficiently and in every way satisfactorily under the present arrangements.

In many respects we cannot help regretting the loss of the *Hopeful*; she was a real convenience, a Home, in a way, for the sailor coming into our port. Then, too, she represented a good deal; she stood as a beacon among the shipping; she had a kind of personality; to Mrs. THOMPSON and myself she represented a great deal of hard work and successful effort, and to scores in our community, who had contributed to her support month by month for twelve long years, and who had attended worship, concerts, sailor teas, &c., &c., she stood for very much. But the real, vital work of the mission will and can go on successfully, and although I feel like a man who had been knocked down, yet I am not in the least discouraged. I will get up again, and go at the work as though nothing had happened. This is the way we are now doing.

I have again secured a good organ to lead our singing, a convenient reading desk, hymn books, and in fact everything required, and our Sunday services are as well attended and are just as delightful as ever.

The visiting among the ships goes on as usual, and is just as acceptable, also in the hospitals; all our work, in all its varied forms, is going on as usual. And I am thankful to God.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 1, all others, 280; religious services held in chapel, 4, on shipboard, 12, in hospital, 4, elsewhere, 8; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 20, of others, 7; religious visits to hospitals, 54, on ships, 208, in boarding houses, 9; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 17, tracts, 275, papers, 430, magazines, 13, books, 11.

Argentine Republic.

BUENOS AYRES.

The Rev. G. L. CHAMBERLAIN writes October 5, 1899:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 10, all others, 490; religious services in chapel, 24, elsewhere, average attendance of seamen at religious services, 28, of others, 2; religious visits to hospitals, 6, on ships, over 500, boarding houses, 2; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 23, tracts, &c., large quantities.

ROSARIO.

Mr. F. ERICSSON writes on October 2, 1899:

In consequence of the good harvest we have had movements of vessels in port that have given me much to do, but still I have seen much more that ought to be done which I had to leave undone. The quarter has been an encouraging one. First, our meetings well attended; second, the reading room much occupied and used by men belonging to vessels in port; third, there was a naval court at the British consulate about the ill-treatment of the men in the barkentine *Alberta*, and the crew got their rights.

We have not heard of many blessings through the work here, still I think we are moving onward. Besides other help, there was a young Christian from Ireland who just arrived.

We had the annual meeting in the Home on July 11. We had a small place this year and could only invite the subscribers and the sailors in port at the time; still we had a crowded meeting.

Dr. TALLON opened the meeting by prayer, the Hon. Secretary gave an account of our good work done last year. After taking tea we were entertained with music and song by our best musicians in Rosario; even officers of steamers took part, and altogether we had a very bright evening.

Boarders, 78; ships visited, 119; tracts and magazines distributed, 2,500; gospel meetings, 47; hospitals visited 20 times and about 189 bundles of good literature given to vessels leaving port.

This has been a healthy season and the men are not paid off except through sickness, so the number of boarders staying in the Home has been about the average.

It has grieved me for a long time to see how the sailors on board some sailing vessels are treated for the purpose of getting them to desert. I have been studying how this cruelty can be prevented and

come to the conclusion that only through the sailors themselves uniting in societies can it be done, but to get such societies started the mission has to take the leading part, and my experience is that when sailors find us taking part in their material troubles they believe that we can lead them on spiritually. If you can give a hint to the missionaries and superintendents of Homes to get up such a society, I am certain that it will be very useful.

The heartless crimps succeed in their business here, but when I talk about their brutal management of the poor fellows who fall into their hands, the sailors say it is nothing here compared to New York; therefore you know all these things in your own city. I think the authorities ought to step in and crush such a business.

Madeira.

FUNCHAL.

The Rev. W. G. SMART writes on November 7, 1899:

The U. S. S. *Alliance* called here. I went on board and distributed a quantity of Christian literature which was well received. Chaplain SYKES went with me to our Portuguese mission station on the mountains, Mount Faith, and spent a night there; he was much pleased with all he saw. Some of the boys and men visited the Rest, and no doubt more would have done so, only the vessel made such a short stay.

H. M. S. *Hermes* has been in more recently; I visited her and gave away many little books and tracts. A good many visits were paid to the Rest by the young seamen and some had their tea there, one marine, the sergeant, came twice to write letters.

Many soldiers have passed in the mail steamers on their way to South Africa, and God has been good to permit me to place Christian tracts in their hands; poor fellows, many of them may never return to their native shores; may God take them to Himself.

New Zealand.

PORT CHALMERS SAILORS' REST.

[In printing BULLEN's story of the Change in the Starboard Watch, (reprinted in this Magazine) Mr. A. R. FALCONE makes a plea for the continuance and permanence of a place of resort for seamen who visit Port Chalmers. He says:]

"I am sure friend BULLEN, judging from his testimony and his loving letters, would rejoice at the success of this proposal. He says in his autobiography: 'In New Zealand our captain left, and all hands got their discharge. Then for the first time since my early childhood I found real useful friends. What they did for me I can never tell. I can only say that I reached in Port Chalmers the parting of the ways, and for the first time in my life I felt that perhaps there might be a future for me worth looking forward to. My eyes were opened, my brain began to work, and life meant more than a mere animal existence.'

"In his letters to me he breathes the most earnest desire for the spiritual prosperity of the work carried on amongst seamen at Port Chalmers, and for those who first were helpful, under God, to him. It is for this work I plead. Christian workers know the value of a place all their own—a centre where they, and those they desire to reach and help, may meet together. In mostly every port of any consequence in the world, Sailors' Rests, Homes, etc., exist.

"A short *resumé* of efforts in past years may help to make my object clear. I trust my motive alone is God's glory, and the comfort, temporal and spiritual, of seamen of all nations who visit our port.

"About thirty years ago Mr. A. C. STRODE, R. M., granted us the use of the old Court House for gospel meetings on Sunday evenings. Then we moved to the Bond, where for many years we had glorious meetings. Thousands heard the blessed gospel in that dear old sail loft—for those were the days of hosts of vessels lying discharging and loading at port. We have had at times as many as 500 and 600 gathered together to hear the gospel at the Bond.

"About twenty-seven years ago I set apart a little room—the original Sailors' Rest, I believe, in New Zealand. It had its use, for many a weary one found rest for body and soul in that little back room. Experience made it soon manifest that I required a much larger and altogether more comfortable place.

"In 1879 I sent forth a short circular especially intended for private circulation among Christians. God cheered me exceedingly by sending me abundance—nearly £300 in about a year's time, apart from furnishings—without ever personally asking anyone, or applying to others to ask, for money aid towards building the Port Chalmers Sailors' Rest.

"I erected a substantial stone and brick

building in the main street, capable of seating 150, and for years it was much used and of much comfort and blessing to the hundreds of seamen who frequented it. Of late years, however, a large number of vessels have been enabled to go right up to Dunedin (where is now a comfortable Sailors' Rest), telling considerably on the trade and traffic at port. Still, there is abundant room for a Sailors' Rest at port. The home steamers lie there and inter-colonial steamers. Home and war ships continually come and go.

"The ground whereon the Sailors' Rest was built was leased. When I built the value of the site was £1,000, so I had to lease it with half valuation at the end of the term. The lease has expired.

"For £475 I can make the Port Chalmers Sailors' Rest a freehold. Towards that sum I have £280. Balance required for the full purchase, £245. Though for much-needed alterations and improvements a further outlay of £80 or so would be necessary. I feel considerable reluctance in giving publicity to this matter, but not being able myself to defray the expenses of such an undertaking, it seems to me my duty to make known to others the need of such a place of resort. Also,

it appears to me wise and fair that should make some effort to retain premises for the object for which they were erected. It is but reasonable, especially having it on my heart for many years, to endeavor to complete the work which, I believe, God led me to begin.

"The work of our Sailors' Rest will include not alone the reading, writing, and meeting rooms, but the distribution of Bibles, gospel books, tracts, and reading matter in various languages, social gatherings, aid (as far as possible) to destitute seamen, and in many little ways seeking to help and gladden many a sailor in his checkered path. However, the most precious part will, I trust, ever be, as heretofore, the telling out of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, by those who know their own happy experience, its transforming, comforting, and keeping power—for the gospel alone is still the power of God unto salvation. I may say that we have no collections, or is money ever mentioned, at our Sailors' Rest meetings.

"Understanding the above object, should any reader of this plea feel disposed to help me to make the Sailors' Rest at Port Chalmers a freehold, I should indeed be grateful."

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

SAILORS' HOME.

Capt. WM. DOLLAR writes on December 2, 1899:

Our meetings at the Sailors' Home are very encouraging of late. Our new superintendent and his family are interested in the welfare of the men boarding in the Home. They are both devoted Christians, and their prayers ascend daily in behalf of the sailor. If the men of the sea were to consider what the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has of late years been doing to try with kindred societies to advance their character and comfort they would appreciate it more than the majority do. There are very good meetings on Saturday night to which we invite all to come who can and join us, and learn from happy experience that it is no vain thing to wait on the Lord.

NAVY YARD.

The Rev. G. B. CUTLER writes on December 1, 1899:

Thanksgiving dinner was a special feature at the Navy Yard, with games and joyous feeling all round. We have conducted fourteen public services the past month, several of them outside the Navy Yard, at the Sailors' Home and other mission points. Fifteen men have asked the prayers of Christians in our public services in the Navy Yard. One young engineer followed us from one of the Dock meetings recently and said, "You talk to-night on 'the descent of a soul' and the trouble the man got into going from the city of God to the city cursed. God, showed me so plainly myself leaving Christian friends to go down to the Echo of a worse life, that I made up my mind to give my life to God's keeping and service, and I do so now, God helping me." Since then he has secured a Sunday School lesson quarterly and is studying up the lessons every week, and as he meets me daily he says "I'm on the way while every act of his indicates that he has taken Jesus for his pilot. Precious have been the private confidential talks had with many a young sailor the past month."

and they have modestly said they knew they ought to live for Christ, and hoped we would not forget them, and we have tenderly laid their case before the Father. Now the carrying of these seamen upon the heart and in prayer taxes the reserves of the soul; and right here we ask the prayers of God's people that these men be saved, and that our strength may not give way under the pressure of this blessed work among our navy sailors.

A letter from one far away:

U. S. S. "DETROIT."

"My dear brother: My thoughts often turn to the Cob Dock meetings and the time my heart melted and I felt I could be a good boy always, and I can, God blessing me, but sometimes I have great trials, but the thought that you pray for me helps me."

Recently we formed the acquaintance of three young men in the service, of other more than ordinary morals and intelligence, and they seem to delight to be with us in conversation. We are asking Jesus to lead them to Him.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on November 7, 1899:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 12, all others, 56; religious services held in chapel, 9, in hospital, 15; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 9, of others, 11; religious visits to hospital, 5 on ships, 121, boarding houses, 18; Bibles distributed, 4, and English and French magazines, tracts and papers; requests for prayer, 45. Statistics embodied in the reports of our chaplains cannot fail to interest every philanthropist, every public citizen, and especially every Christian. The results for the month of October are encouraging. As evidence of the freshened and great improvement in the quantity and quality of literature sent in every week to the reading room. Often standard books and magazines are given. If donors could see for themselves how much good their generosity does, they would experience a rich reward of satisfaction, and others would be glad to share such real happiness. Here, certainly, comes in the opportunity. An unusual number of benefactors have this month supplied ex-

cellent food for the mind, while the same regular old "stand-bys" have never failed to feed the body when asked to do it. Besides the regular monthly entertainment, free to all sailors, the Auxiliary Society held a bazaar and had a fine supper, and realized thereby a helpful sum. We have reason to know also of two other "great attractions" to be given during the season for the same purpose. We are longing to start the new Seamen's Home. The *Daily Register*, in a very recent issue, in advocating the broadening and deepening of our channel, thus remarks: "We may, with good reason, expect a very large increase in our commerce. Mobile is at the beginning of a new era. Her shipping is reaching each year further and further, and taking up new avenues of trade. The iron of our commercial history is red hot, and we must strike now, or perhaps lose our chance. . . . The port that offers the best advantages, is the one that gets the business. We must see to it, therefore, that we do not fail to get these advantages. If we work together we will succeed. If, however, we consider everybody's business nobody's business, and let the thing drift along without giving it any attention, we will suffer damage to our material interests." If it could only be remembered and realized that every cold winter night there are a half dozen or more glad of the privilege of sleeping upon the hard benches at the Bethel, without a blanket or fire, the public would be spurred up to putting a stop to it by furnishing a comfortable Home and thus adding in this way to the attractions of Mobile as a port.

Also on December 4:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 12, all others, 64; religious services held in chapel, 7, in hospital, 8; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 13, of others, 24; religious visits to hospitals, 9, on ships, 118, in boarding houses, 28; Bibles distributed, 1, Testaments, 12, many magazines and books, some tracts; requests for prayer, 49; 2 signed the temperance pledge.

More books and magazines have been sent to the reading room than perhaps in any other month, and more given to sailors to take with them to sea. A kind-hearted lady donated several valuable articles of furniture for the new Sailors' Home, and another lady kindly stored them for us until the Home is ready. The reading room is very popular, and letter writing, reading, checkers, smoking and

songs occupy the time innocently and pleasantly. The monthly entertainment was heartily enjoyed, and many were the expressions of thanks from the sailors for the music, recitations, comfort bags, flowers and refreshments. The Gulf City Coal Co. donated a quantity of coal.

Washington.

SEATTLE.

The Rev. THOS. REES writes on December 1, 1899:

We have had very good meetings, well attended all the month, notwithstanding a rainy month, and the meetings were intensely spiritual. Eighteen asked for prayers, thirteen converted, of whom four were sailors. One sailor last night got out into the light. I have made two visits to Port Blakely. I was on board one ship, the *Kate Devenport*, and buried one of the crew on Wednesday. He fell between the wharf and ship on Sunday night and was drowned. God save poor Jack! I can't put him out of my head. How earnest I ought to be! Pray for me that sailors may be in my heart in prayer continually. We have had a few more troop-ships for the Philippines. One of them put back. She lost quite a number of horses. How these dumb creatures do suffer. I hope they will have a chance for compensation hereafter.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 14, all others, 2; religious services in Bethel, 34; average attendance of sailors at religious services, 10, of others, 66; religious visits to ships, 46, to hospitals, 8, to boarding houses, sick rooms, &c., 10; tracts distributed, 195.

The Planets for January, 1900.

MERCURY will not be well visible.

VENUS will be a splendid object in the early evening, increasing in brilliancy and moving farther from the Sun.

MARS will not be visible.

JUPITER will be visible in the morning before sunrise in the southeast.

SATURN will not be well visible.

Princeton.

T. R.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by Capt. H. O. Appleby, Lessee, for the month of

NOVEMBER, 1899.

Total arrivals.....

Receipts for November, 1899

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Littleton, Congregational Church...\$ 9
Nashua, Clarissa Hills, for library, to replace one given in 1888..... 20

VERMONT.

White River Junction, on account of bequest of R. C. A. Latham, deceased, late of White River Junction, per L. K. Hamilton, executor. 400

CONNECTICUT

Fairfield, Congregational church, of which Edward Sturges, \$30..... 64
Manchester, Second Congregational Church..... 10
Middlebury, Congregational Church. 5
Milford, E. W. Burleigh..... 5
New London, Mrs. J. N. Harris, to refit library No. 10,475..... 14
Norfolk, Carl Stoeckel..... 5
Norwich, Broadway Congregational Church..... 45
Trumbull, Congregational Church and Society..... 11
Wallingford, Congregational Church 13
West Winsted, Second Congregational Church and Society..... 21

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Central Congregational Society..... 36
New York City, steamship collections from the White Star line, received per E. J. Adams..... 250
Steamship collections from International Navigation Co.'s lines, received per H. G. Philips, cashier. 83
Collection on board the S. S. *Barbarossa* of the North German Lloyd S. S. Co., from Bremen, October 24, in aid of needy seamen. 31
Received from the Haven's Relief Fund Society, to be distributed in affording temporary relief to shipwrecked and destitute seamen..... 250
Ellen Gray..... 50
Horace Gray..... 50
Income from Anonymous Endowment, for two libraries..... 40
Mrs. H. N. Van Wagenen, for a library..... 20
The Stamford Manufacturing Co.. 20
Samuel Wilde's Sons..... 10
George Murray..... 10
Capt. E. J. Fritz, of ship *Troop*, for library work..... 2
Southampton, received from estate of Pyrrhus Coucer, late of Southampton, N. Y., per Henry H. Hildreth, executor..... 384

NEW JERSEY.

Newfield, a friend 1

\$1,862

AMERICAN LINE. * * RED STAR LINE.

**NEW YORK and
SOUTHAMPTON.**

**NEW YORK and
ANTWERP.**

SAILING FROM

NEW YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY.
SOUTHAMPTON EVERY SATURDAY.

NEW YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY.
ANTWERP EVERY SATURDAY.

FLEET.

				Tonnage					Tonnage
IS	-	Twin Screw	-	11,629	ARAGONIA	-	Twin Screw	-	5,446
L	-	" "	-	11,629	NOORDLAND	-	" "	-	5,212
ORK	-	" "	-	10,803	WAESLAND	-	" "	-	4,752
	-	" "	-	10,795	PENNLAND	-	" "	-	3,760
GTON	-	" "	-	8,669	BELGENLAND	-	" "	-	3,692
WARK	-	" "	-	8,607	RHYNLAND	-	" "	-	3,689
AND	-	" "	-	7,116	NEDERLAND	-	" "	-	2,839
ERNLAND	-	" "	-	5,736	SWITZERLAND	-	" "	-	2,819

BUILDING.

			Tonnage				Tonnage
LAND	-	Twin Screw	- 12,000	MERION	-	Twin Screw	- 10,000
TD	-	" "	- 12,000	(A STEAMER)	-	" "	- 12,000
FORD	-	" "	- 10,000	(A STEAMER)	-	" "	- 12,000

**INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
73 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

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UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

Every Wednesday, from NEW YORK to LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN
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"Britannic"

5,004 tons.

"Cymric"

12,647 tons.

FOR PASSAGE, Winter Season, from \$50.00 up, ACCORDING TO STEAMER
and accommodation selected.
For SECOND CLASS accommodation on "OCEANIC," "MAJESTIC," and
"NIC." Rates, Winter Season, from \$37.50 up, ACCORDING TO STEAMER
and accommodation selected.
For rates and information apply at Company's Office,

9 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SAILORS' MAGAZINE CALENDAR

1900

JANUARY

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AMERICAN

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
76 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1828.

INCORPORATED APRIL, 1833.

President :

CHARLES A. STODDARD, D. D., LL. D.

Secretary :

W. C. STITT, D. D.

Treasurer :

WILLIAM C. STURGES.

—:o:—

In the year 1899, the Society aided Chaplains, Missionaries, Colporteurs, and Bible Readers, (in all, 36) in thirty-six foreign and domestic seaports.

Since the year 1858-9 (to Dec. 1, 1899) it has sent out 10,674 new Loan Libraries (573,573 volumes), accessible by original shipment and re-shipment to 410,790 seamen.

\$20 sends a Library to sea in the name of the Donor.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE (72nd volume) is published monthly at \$1.00 per annum.

The LIFE BOAT, 50 copies monthly for one year, free, to Sunday Schools giving \$20 for a Library.

The Society has always aimed to give the gospel of Christ to the seamen of the naval and mercantile marine, and in every way to befriend the sailor.

Contributions may be sent to the TREASURER, and a Form of Bequest, for testamentary aid of its work, will be sent to any applicant for the same.

1900

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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1899.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1, 1899, was 10,586; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 12,485; the total shipments aggregating 23,071. The number of volumes in these libraries was 570,053, and they were accessible, by shipment and reshipment, to 407,336 men. Ten hundred and sixty-two libraries, with 38,662 volumes, were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 124,045 men. One hundred and fifty-seven libraries were placed in one hundred and fifty-seven Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 6,121 volumes, accessible to twelve hundred and eighty-four Keepers and Surfmen.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

During September, 1899, twenty loan libraries were sent out. Of these seven were new, and thirteen were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 10,650-10,656 inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows :

<i>No of library</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
650..	E. K. Wakeman, of New London, Conn., in memory of J. P.....	Ship Abner Coburn.....	Japan.....	25
351..	Francis T. Maxwell, of Rockville, Conn.....	Bark St. Katherine.....	Honolulu.....	22
352..	Miss Hetty Smith, of New Castle, Del., in memory of Mary Couper Smith. "Surely goodness and mercy have fol- lowed me all the days of my life".....	Ship St. John.....	Japan....	26
53..	Miss Hetty Smith, of New Castle, Del., in memory of Samuel M. Couper. "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."	" L. Schepp ..	Yokohama	26
54..	Groton Heights Baptist Church of Groton, Conn.....	" Susquehanna.....	San Francisco....	28

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men Cre</i>
10655..James Hooker Hamersly, of New York City.....		Ship S. P. Hitchcock....	Yokohama	
10056..	" " " " " "	" Eskasoni.....	Sydney	

The thirteen libraries reshipped were:

8,904	10,077	10,296	10,383	10,527
9,154	10,102	10,302	10,510	
9,581	10,294	10,381	10,513	

OCTOBER, 1899.

During October, 1899, thirty-two loan libraries were sent out. Of these eight were new, and twenty-four were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 10,657-10,664, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows:

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men Cre</i>
10657..James Hooker Hamersly, of New York City.....		Bark Virginia.....	Pernambuco.....	
10658..Mrs. S. W. Lincoln, of New York City, as Stowell Willie Lincoln Library.....		Ship Norwood	Sydney & Manila..	
10659..Chautauqua County Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York, as Mrs. Esther McNiel Library.....		Bark Tillie Baker.....	Havana	
10660..Ulster County Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York, as High Falls Library		Ship S. D. Carleton.....	Honolulu.....	
10661..Ulster County Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York, as Mary Towne Burt Library		" Dirigo.....	Hong Kong	
10662..Congregational Church Sunday School of Hampden, Me.....		Bark Strathearn	Manila.....	
10663..Annie B. M. Craig, of Washington, D. C., in memory of David W. and Jane O. Mahon. "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him".....		Ship Joseph B. Thomas.	Japan	
10664..Congregational Sunday School of First Church of Christ of West Hartford, Conn.....		" Troop	Shanghai.....	

The twenty-four libraries reshipped were:

8,148	9,212	10,123	10,242	10,374	10,516
8,872	9,630	10,157	10,259	10,384	10,521
9,063	9,866	10,186	10,336	10,396	10,526
9,191	10,011	10,225	10,355	10,495	10,562

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT,

NOVEMBER, 1899.

During November, 1899, twenty-three loan libraries were sent out. Of these ten were new, and thirteen were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 10,665-10,674, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows :

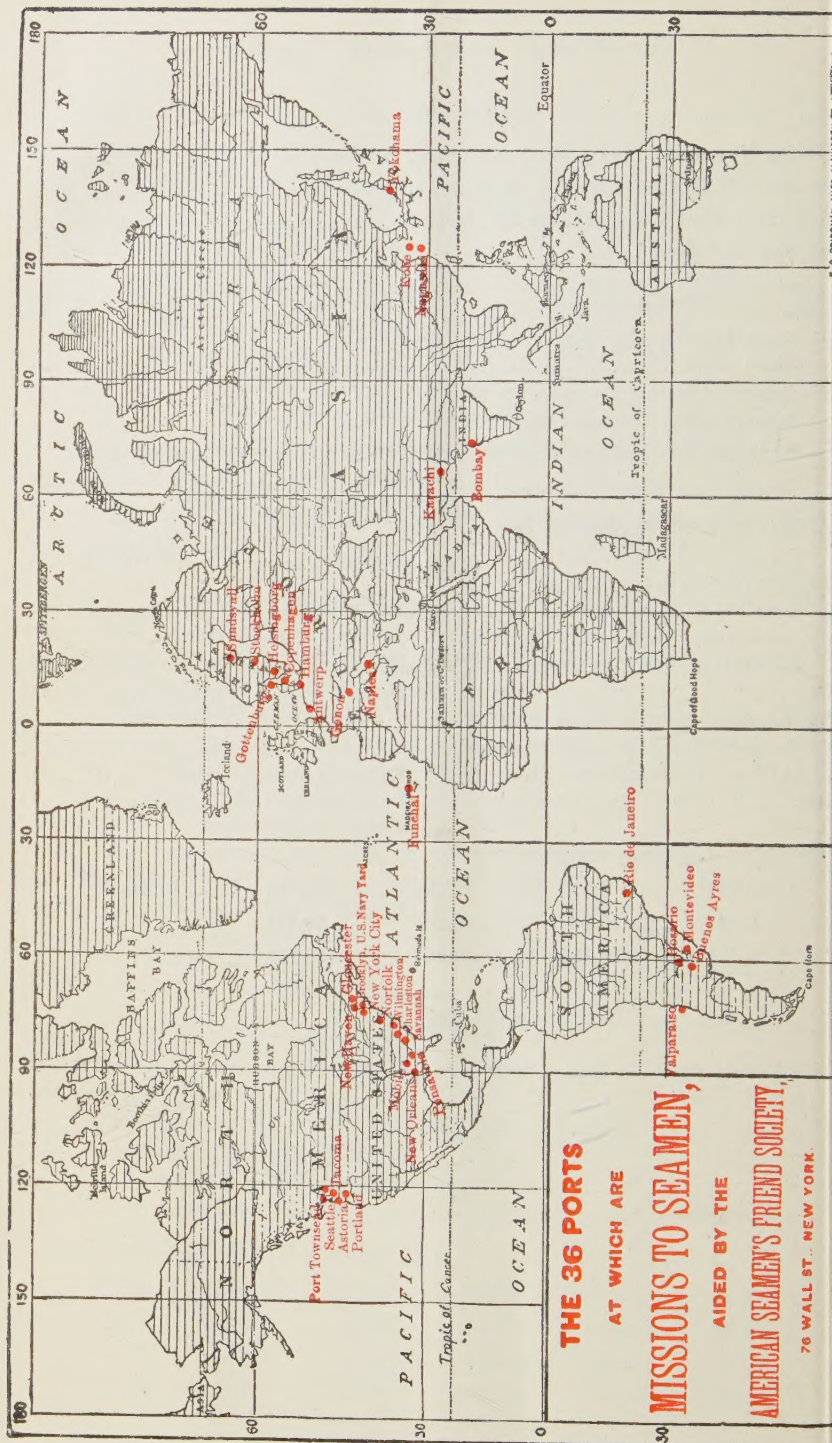
<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
0665..	South Church Sunday School of New Britain, Conn.....	Ship Erskine M. Phelps.	Manila.....	32
0666..	Bequest of Sarah J. Sherman, late of Chicopee, Mass., to be called the Albert and Jennie Sherman Memorial Library.	Bark Holliswood	Adelaide.....	16
0667..	" " " " " "	Ship Luzon.....	Honolulu	23
0668..	" " " " " "	Bark Sachem.....	China	22
0669..	Mrs. H. N. Van Wagenen, of Newark, N. J.....	" Saranac	Havana.....	14
0670..	Miss Clarissa Hills, of Nashua, N. H., to replace No. 9,020, lost at sea	Ship Tam O'Shanter....	Hong Kong.....	23
0671..	Anonymous Library Endowment Fund Income, New York City	Barkentine Golden Rod.	Buenos Ayres.....	12
0672..	" " " " " "	Bark Skoda	Rosario.....	12
0673..	Bequest of Sarah S. Sherman, late of Chicopee, Mass., to be called the Albert and Jennie Sherman Memorial Library.	" Bowman B. Law...	Japan.....	25
0674..	" " " " " "	" Hiram Emery.....	Auckland.....	13

The thirteen libraries reshipped were:

8,962	9,870	10,262	10,370	10,475
9,043	10,061	10,285	10,441	
9,634	10,153	10,363	10,449	

SUMMARY.

<i>New libraries issued in Sept., 1899—</i>			<i>7</i>	<i>Libraries reshipped in Sept., 1899—</i>			<i>13</i>
"	"	<i>Oct.,</i>	" — 8	"	"	<i>Oct.,</i>	" — 24
"	"	<i>Nov.,</i>	" — 10	"	"	<i>Nov.,</i>	" — 13
			—				—
			25				50



LIST OF MISSIONARIES AIDED BY THE SOCIETY.

ten: Helsingborg.....	K. I. Berg.
Stockholm.....	J. T. Hedstrom.
Sundsvall.....	Rev. E. Eriksson.
Gottenburg.....	Christian Nielsen.
mark: Copenhagen.....	Rev. A. Wollesen.
any: Hamburg.....	British and American Sailors' Institute, H. M. Sharpe.
um: Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
: Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, F. Wood, Superintendent.
Karachi.....	Rev. W. H. Dowling.
n: Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
Kobe.....	Edward Makeham.
Nagasaki.....	John Makins.
: Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
ntine Republic; Buenos Ayres....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home, G. L. Chamberlain.
Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home and Mission, F. Ericsson.
guay: Montevideo.....	Montevideo Harbor Mission, Rev. G. P. Howard.
ra: Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors and Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart.
achusetts: Gloucester.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Institute, Rev. E. C. Charlton.
ecticut: New Haven.....	Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev. J. O. Bergh.
York: Sailors' Home.....	Capt. Wm. Dollar.
Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yard.....	Rev. G. B. Cutler.
inia: Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
h Carolina: Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. A. D. McClure.
h Carolina: Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society, Rev. P. A. Murray.
da: Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
gia: Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
ama: Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
s: Galveston.....	Galveston Port Society, Rev. J. F. Sarner.
siana: New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, James Sherrard.
on: Portland.....	Portland Seamen's Friend Society.
Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormac.
ington: Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
Seattle.....	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.
Port Townsend.....	Port Townsend Seamen's Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

DIRECTORY OF SAILORS' HOMES.

<i>Location.</i>	<i>Established by</i>	<i>Keepers,</i>
smouth, N. H., No. 104 Market St..	Seamen's Aid Society.....	James F. Slaughter.
on, Mass., N. Sq. Mariners' House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Society....	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home....	Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, 8 N. Bennett St.	George C. Smith.
East Boston, 120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	James M. Battles, Supt.
Bedford, Mass., 11 Bethel Court....	Ladies' Branch N. B. P. S.....	E. Williams.
York, N. Y., 190 Cherry St.....	American Seamen's Friend Society	Capt. H. O. Appleby.
52 Market St.....	Epis. Missionary Society for Seamen	Daniel Montgomery.
oklyn, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home.....	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
112 First Place.....	Finnish Lutheran Seamen's Home..	
delphia, Pa., 422 South Front St..	Penn.....	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
imore, Md., 418 South Ann St.....	Port Mission, Woman's Auxiliary..	Miss Ellen Brown.
1737 Thames St.....	Wilmington Port Society.....	Mr. Christofferson.
ington, N. C., Front and Dock Sts..	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society....	Rev. P. A. Murray.
leston, S. C., 44 Market St.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society....	
le, Ala.....	New Orleans Seamen's Friend Soc'y.	
Orleans, La., and 3rd Street.....	San Francisco Sea. Friend Society..	Capt. Melvin Staples.
Francisco, Cal.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society....	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

<i>Location.</i>	<i>Aided by</i>	<i>Missionaries.</i>
land, Me., Fort St., n. Custom House.	Portland Seamen's Friend Society..	Rev. G. Southworth.
on, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	A. S. Gilbert.
Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....	Boston Seamen's Friend Society....	S. S. Nickerson.
Charleston 46 Water St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	Mr. S. H. King.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	Rev. L. B. Bates.
" 120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	W. T. Crocker.
oester, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Institute..	E. C. Charlton.
Bedford, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society.....	E. Williams.
Haven Conn., Bethel, 61 Water St.	Woman's Seamen's Friend Society.	John O. Bergh.
York, N. Y., Catharine, c. Madison.	New York Port Society.....	Samuel Boul.
128 Charlton St.....	Westside Branch.	Mr. John McCormack.
31 Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Missionary Society.....	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
399 West Street, N. R.....	The Seamen's Christian Ass'n.....	Stafford Wright.
341 West Street, N. R.....	Episcopal Missionary Society.....	W. A. A. Gardiner.
21 Counties Slip.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Isaac Maguire.
53 Beaver Street.....	Finnish Lutheran Seamen's Church.	V. K. Durchain.
oklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard.....	American Seamen's Friend Society.	G. B. Cutler.
193 9th Street, near Third Avenue	Danish Ev. Luth. Seamen's Mission.	R. Andersen.
Scand., William St., near Richard..	Norwegian Luth. Seamen's Mission.	Jakob Bo.
delphia, Penn., cor. Front & Union.	Presbyterian.....	H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts....	Episcopal Miss. Ass'n for Seamen..	Geo. S. Gassner.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	
Washington Ave. and 3rd Street...	Methodist.....	W. Downey.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		E. N. Harris.
imore, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts.	Seamen's Union Bethel Society.	G. W. Heyde.
815 South Broadway.....	Port Mission.....	Mr. K. S. Willis, Mr. S. Olsen.
olk, Va., Water St., near Madison ..	Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society...	Rev. J. B. Merritt.
ington, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society.....	A. D. McClure.
leston, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St....	Charleston Port Society.....	P. A. Murray.
nnah, Ga.....	American Seamen's Friend Society.	H. Iverson.
icola, Fla.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
le, Ala., Church St., near Water ..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
eston, Texas, 17th & Mechanic Sts..	Galveston Seamen's Friend Society.	J. F. Sarner.
Orleans, La., Fulton & Jackson Sts..	Presbyterian.....	Mr. James Sherrard.
Francisco, Cal.....	San Francisco Port Society.....	Rev. J. Rowell.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY 1828.—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT.

W. C. STITT, D.D., SECRETARY.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, TREASURER.

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GEORGE BELL,
68 South Street, New York.
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Morristown, N. J.
EDGAR L. MARSTON,
33 Wall Street, New York.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of Constitution).—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

CHAPLAINS.—See preceding page for list of missions and missionaries of this Society.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—On American vessels leaving the port of New York loan libraries are placed for the use of the officers and crews. Each library costs \$20 to the donor, contains 43 well selected books, and is returned and sent out again as long as it lasts. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and the effort is made to secure for the donor a report of its usefulness. These libraries build up the mental, moral and religious life of seamen, and are often the means of their conversion. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to December 1, 1899, was 10,674. Calculating 12,612 reshipments, their 573,573 volumes have been accessible to 410,790 men. Sunday Schools and Church Societies (Y. P. S. C. E. &c) as well as individuals send these libraries to sea.

THE SAILORS' HOME, No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society and is leased as a boarding house under careful restrictions. A missionary of the Society resides in the Home and in its comfortable chapel religious and temperance meetings are held every week. Shipwrecked and destitute seamen receive in it temporary aid.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this Magazine.